

CHRISTMAS IN MANILA

By VALERIE HOPE.

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Picturesque Manila, where the shadows of the palm are just as deep in January as in June, is at this time of year one of the gayest, most interesting cities in the world. To eat often, drink and dance, and to be merry generally is the Filipino's ideal of life, and all of these he gets to his heart's content at Pasqua, the holiday season is called. All the year round the natives look forward to it, and it is a time when for it, for everybody and his brother gives a dance or a feast of some kind if he can possibly afford it, and if his own roof isn't big enough to dance under he borrows a neighbor's house for the occasion.

There are two words in the Spanish language that every American in Manila knows, if he never learns any more. One is "balle," pronounced buy-le, and the other is "fiesta." They are the magic words that excite the washerman for bringing up his laundry a week late, and the sewing woman for not appearing at all on the day you needed her most. The delinquent, upon final arrival, simply looks at you with an answering smile and says "balle," and it doesn't make any difference how much you storm and fume. You simply don't understand the custom of the country, or you wouldn't be so foolish as to expect any one to work when there is a feast to go to. Apropos, the writer once showed a picture of the highest skyscraper in America to a wealthy Filipino business man, thinking he would be interested in the wonderful structure. But he merely pointed to the top floor and said: "That would be a nice place for a dance; cool up there."

In Nipa Huts. There is hardly any furniture in a nipa hut, so it isn't much trouble to clear the floor for a dance; and if one native can't afford to give the fiesta alone, his friends chip in on expenses. One provides the house, several more contribute the refreshments, and the orchestra is recruited from among friends, who play for nothing, except that they get in frequently on the refreshments, including wine and cigars. Though Manila is full of fine orchestras that play for a few pesos, the natives, as the upper class Filipinos prefer to call the natives, often dance in sandals that are just a flat leather with a tip of colored plush to hold them on over the toes. The floors of the nipa houses are of split bamboo; they are as slippery as glass, and the natives make their sandals stick on while they whirl around without a mishap. Sometimes, though, one does slip off, but it takes only a second to slip the bare foot into it again. The formality of a Filipino woman's dress isn't determined by the cut of the clothes, but by whether or not she has on stockings. An American army officer once asked a pretty native girl why she and her sister had the reputation of being "stuck up." The girl replied innocently: "Because when the Americans first came here we wore stockings every afternoon."

Nobody at a native feast pays any attention to time. Life in the Philippines isn't run by the clock, and that is one of its charms. A feast begins in the morning and lasts all day. There is no set time for the orchestra to stop; they keep on playing the same tune over and over as long as anyone is dancing.

There are long streets in Manila that are edged on both sides with these tiny nipa houses, and the vista is beautiful on a starlight night, when the glassy surface of the broad, dark, banana leaves reflects the bright light of the moon. The little huts are almost lost to view in the dense foliage, though each is marked by a fancy colored paper lantern, in accordance with a law requiring a lantern for every dwelling. The lanterns are not of the Japanese variety, but are of their own make, and look like original propositions in solid geometry.

The Religious Processions.

A never-failing attraction on Christmas Day at Pasqua is the religious procession, of which there is one in every parish. It doesn't make any difference how many times a native has seen a church procession, he is just as much interested in the next one. Every church has its saints in effigy, and the ceremony consists in parading these slowly through the streets. The procession starts at the church door and is headed by the priest. Then comes a "No, no, no, you are a come the effigies resting on heavy wooden platforms carried by natives, whose shoulders bend to a bow under the great weight. At intervals between the figures are native bands and orchestras playing everything from grand opera to ragtime. Some of the musicians dress in white duck uniforms, with red or blue trimmings, and wear pretentious helmets. Others have on the costume of the common native—thin white shirt hanging loose over the trousers and any kind of a hat, from a straw sailor to a derby. Some are shod in the latest cut in patent leathers and some are barefooted.

The most elaborately bedecked of the effigies is the Virgin Mary, who is ablaze with diamonds and other precious stones presented to her by wealthy parishioners. Sometimes these adornments are made of the real thing, but kept in the church vaults for safety. But real or paste, they make a brilliant showing on the gorgeous wax figure, with her flowing golden hair and satin robes. The last effigy to appear is that of the Christ, and this is usually preceded by a band playing a dirge.

The procession starts about dusk, and one of its most picturesque features is the long line of men, women and children, who wade slowly along on both sides of the street, each carrying a lighted candle of yellowish color and about two feet long. It is so heavy that it burns almost like a torch, and the effect of this tinkling line of lights tapering into tiny clouds of thin black smoke is fascinating to the point of weariness. Here one will see pretty mestizas in daintily embroidered waists and bodices with diamonds. Aristocratic Spaniards, on whose coats of arms are many decorations of the orders of the church rub elbows with the poorest natives in the parish as they move in irregular gait along the dusty, unpaved streets. All are elated and proud that they are participating in the sacred ceremony of the church.

While these processions are in progress the streets are literally peppered with spectators. In fact the crowds so blocked traffic that the Americans passed by law restricting them to certain streets.

After it is over, the bands that have contributed their services serenade various rich members of the parish, for which the honored ones express their thanks in generous bank-notes. The bands make no time, however; they know beforehand just who will pay.

The Churchyard Scene.

The Filipinos have a picturesque way of decorating the exterior of a building on festival occasions that is much in evidence at Christmas. The small circular framework of wire just big enough to hold a common drinking glass, is made so that it can be fastened to the wall, and hundreds of these in a set design are spread over the front wall of the church. The

glasses, of various colors, red, green and purple, are partly filled with water, on which is a layer of coconut oil. A narrow strip of tin is laid across the top of the glass, the ends of which hook over the edge of the wall. A wick is let down through a small hole in the center. This forms the lamp commonly used by the natives. When hundreds of these little flames cast their lights through the varicolored glasses, bringing out in picturesque relief the striking mural design, the effect is one of kaleidoscopic beauty seldom seen outside of fairyland.

For several weeks at Pasqua, some of the churches are turned into a lively combination of market place and bazaar that swarms with natives of the poorer class, particularly women and children. Booths are erected where all sorts of gewgaws are sold on the left hand. Bright-colored paper fans, gaily-dressed dolls, and cheap jewelry lure the visitor who can pay 10 cents and get anything from a hammer to a looking-glass. Spraying near the booths are market women, each vending her particular specialty. For a few coppers you can buy a portion of cerise-colored rice, covered with brown sugar and shredded coconut, served on a small square of banana leaf. Near by, a woman will apparently have nothing to sell; but those who want it know that from a large cotton handkerchief in her lap she can take out enough betel nut to keep a crowd masticating for hours. This is the national "gum," so offensive to foreigners, because it turns the saliva an uncanny red. Another woman will have a bunch of squirming soft-shell crabs tied together with a bamboo string; while not far away is the sorbete man, selling ice cream for a penny a glass, the proportion being a small wine glassful.

The poor among the Orientals eat anywhere and at any time, and so the churchyard is filled with munching, laughing, gossiping humanity. It is about the nearest approach they ever make to a church social.

Among the Rich.

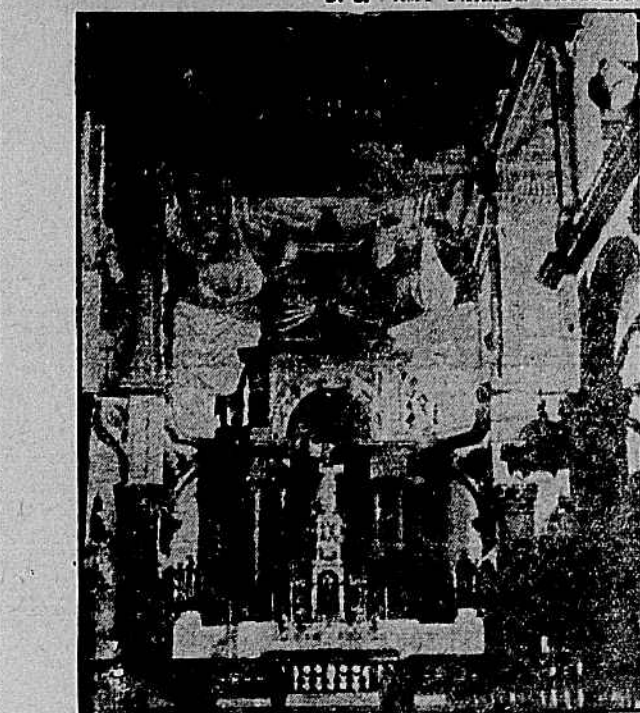
Filipinos of the wealthy class, like all Orientals who are used to money, are born with an instinct for hospitality, and entertain on a lavish scale. The houses are built of stucco, usually around a court, and the living rooms are on the second floor. The first is used for carriage house and stables. The sides of the house are opened by means of great sliding windows, and there are no carpets on the beautiful narra-wood floors, the slabs of which are often two feet wide. These are polished twice a day with banana leaves and burlap, which the house boys put under their feet and skate around on till they have acquired the finish of a billiard floor. Filipinos have a way of festooning a house both inside and out with heavy ropes of greenery dotted here and there with flowers that is very effective. Potted palms are everywhere, and sometimes the walls of a room are completely covered with banana leaves laid upright against the paneling, palm leaves and flowers. Japanese lanterns blow about in the long stretch of window casing, for the entire house is practically open. Sometimes the gardens are wired for the occasion, and hundreds of little incandescent lights of various colors glisten from the trees.

The banquet table is always loaded, and not in the best case, for the table will one day more, tempting edibles. Every Filipino family of means has a cook who in America would rank as a chef. There is everything to drink—champagne and other wines, beer, punch and lemonade. Somewhere near the house the men will be depleting the tobacco supply, for a Filipino house is not complete without the odor or at least the sight of a cigar or cigarette. Most of the rich half-castes wear European dress, though they are as dainty as butterflies in the native costume about the grounds. They spend a hundred dollars on a gown to be worn to a single ball. Of these the skirts are elaborately hand painted, and months are spent embroidering the waist of material so fragile that it can be worn only once.

The most magnificent of all the Ma-



U. S. ARMY PARADE CROSSING PLAZA GOITI.



WHERE MIDNIGHT MASS IS HELD ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

nila entertainments takes place at the residence of the Governor-General. The rambling old palace, surrounded by the grounds of beautiful grounds that extend along the Pasig River. In fact, the broad veranda of the second story spreads over the water and serves as a shelter for the Governor's launch. On festive occasions the trees throughout the grounds are hung with Japanese lanterns, and these and electric lights outline the long, winding driveway that leads from the massive wrought-iron gate to the entrance door. Within the palace is ablaze with the Stars and Stripes, as the decoration usually turned over to some one from the Quartermaster's department of the

army. A military band plays in the grounds and an orchestra in the reception hall, near the great salon, where the dancing takes place. For the Filipino must dance. A reception isn't worth while in his estimation if there isn't a chance for a rigodon, waltz or two-step.

An amusing incident happened one Christmas during Governor Taft's regime. Mrs. Taft was traveling in China and unable to reach Manila in time for a reception that had to be given. The Governor had, therefore, to prepare for the event alone, and before the guests arrived, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Taft, in which he said: "I have sent out about 2,000 invita-

tions, but I don't know whether anybody will come." With all the honors that are heaped upon him, Secretary Taft seems to be entirely innocent of his own great popularity. The reception was a huge success, of course. The palace was crowded. The line of carriages extended for blocks, many waiting hours for their turn to draw up under the broad porticoes. The Filipinos were noted for their cosmopolitanism. It was the one place where all enemies were willing to run the risk of rubbing elbows for the sake of being present. Every one was there, from the Pope's representative to the bitterest political foes of the church; Emilio Aguinaldo, as harmless as his immaculate dress suit, peacefully chatting with a bunch of American army officers who were chasing him in vain for years; all of the high political lights of the insurrection, many of whom were at sword points between themselves and with the United States; and, gorgeously embroidered gowns and consuls from all over the earth with the corresponding babel of tongues. There was feminine beauty from a dozen countries, the latest gowns from Paris, and a dazzling display of diamonds, of which the native women are so fond.

An incidental feature that lends piquant interest to the scene is the constant reminder of the former position of the Philippines. Over the entrance door, in high relief, are the arms of Spain. In the spacious reception hall, the first of a rambling chain of rooms, hangs a life-sized picture of the Queen mother. And each piece of carved blackwood furniture in the salon is surmounted by the arms of Spain. And all of these emblems of loyalty to a king under an American roof!

Native Gifts.

Like all Orientals, the Filipinos are fond of giving, and the women take almost childish delight sometimes in making a present to a friend. A feature that first shocks and then amuses Americans is that in receiving a present a native usually asks the price that is paid for it. Then a discussion follows as to whether it was cheap or expensive. This is because of the Filipino's love of barter and the wish to know whether or not his friend made a good bargain.

Surprising a friend with something reliably to eat is a favorite custom.

and at Christmas time a native will sometimes send a whole roast pig, ready for the table. This is their greatest meat delicacy, and much skill and labor are required in preparing it. A spit, of iron rod, is run lengthwise through the pig, and then it is slowly turned round and round over a fire in a crude stove built especially for it in the open. A thick green sauce, which only the natives know how to make invariably accompanies it, and the combination makes a dish of nightingales' tongues look lonesome.

Children of wealthy Filipinos enjoy Christmas even though they have never seen a sled nor a pair of skates. Some of the stores keep in the most expensive toys that can be imported from Europe: dolls that walk and talk, and perform on trapezes and dance, and leg doll-dandies that lift their hats and smoke cigarettes. One rich old native bought a thousand of these toys for his grandchildren at one time.

Americana in Manila.

If there are little children in the family, Americans usually manage to get hold of a Christmas tree. It is the strongest reminder they can get of Christmas in America, though of course, there is no chimneyplace to hang the stockings on and no snow nor jingle bells, so there isn't any Santa Claus. The American has to look hard at the calendar to realize that it is the twenty-fifth of December with the windows wide open and the sun beating a hot path for the barefooted natives in the street below. But it is always cooler at night, and the temperature is just what is needed for the perfection of summer weather. The dress of the Filipino women leaves the shoulders and arms practically bare and they are almost never known to wear a wrap. American women in evening dress wear evening cloaks, but more as a matter of form, for a gauze scarf over the bare shoulders is sufficient to keep them warm while driving in an open victoria, the carriage generally used.

The year round excitement in Manila comes in the evening, when American civilians and Filipinos wear the conventional black broadcloth. A white silk dinner coat with waistcoat and trousers of the same material is sometimes seen. It looks comfortable and causes no comment. Filipinos sometimes appear in black broadcloth and trousers, white duck waistcoat and a white coat cut for a woman's waist. Army and naval officers from major-generals and admirals to second lieutenants at evening functions, wear white duck uniforms—the difference being "merely" a matter of shoulder straps. The custom is to midnight mass on Christmas Eve is popular. "Rubens" and Americans in Manila. Each of the magnificent old cathedrals holds service and the spectacle is impressive. Thousands of lights shine from the altars and the mammoth chandeliers; all of the priests of the orders lead in the celebration, which is the most elaborate service of the year, and the music is rendered by the best talent in the city. There are few seats in the Catholic churches and the natives usually kneel through the service. Filipino women never enter a church with bare head and they usually wear a black lace covering about a yard square.

At the Post-Office.

There are amusing scenes at the post-office in Manila on Christmas Eve. It takes the sentimental edge off from a present to have to pay duty on it, but that is what happens if the gift received exceeds a certain intrinsic value. On Christmas one seldom sees a package reserved for the dutiable packages, and for days a long line of Americans of every kind and variety stands expectantly in waiting. The packages are opened before the inspectors, and everybody "rubens" to see what the other person "drew."

When some excited woman suddenly opens up a pretty bit of lingerie there is a general titter, and then another when a stalwart soldier brings out a pair of pink ribbon suspenders or a satchel bag.

The feature that Americans at home

make such an effort to live up to, that of getting their presents to their friends exactly on Christmas day or eve, is impossible in Manila. Friends in America try to have their packages so that they will reach their destination on the 25th of December. But because of the uncertainty of transportation connections owing to the great distances on the ocean whither they go only a times, there is no determining whether they will reach there two weeks before or three weeks after the 25th. For that reason alone, it is impossible for Americans to have the same feelings for Christmas Day that they have here in America. It is pathetic to see the stress sometimes laid on the importance of a remembrance from home, and when nothing comes from the expected quarter, real grouching over the disappointment that is positively childish.

No one in the world, though, watches the Christmas mails with keener hopes than the soldier stationed away out in the provinces, where the mail boat comes at distant intervals and irregularly at that. To him the last boat that arrives before Christmas Day is going to tell him whether or not he is still remembered at home—so he thinks. And if the letter or the present doesn't arrive, his heart is wracked and he sits right down and cries. There is no disguising the feelings out in those God-forsaken places, as the men call them, where they are sent to keep the peace, with never a touch of a white woman's hand for months and some time years to pass them up. Out there men wear their hearts on their sleeves. Sometimes only one soldier of a little group will "draw" in the mail. And if it happens to be a magazine he will rip off the pages and distribute them among the other soldiers, so that each one may have something from home. Glad to get it? Why, a lonesome soldier would rather have a leaf of print from America than a whole string of Philippine isles!

NEGRO PROPERTY OWNERS

IN CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

The negroes of Philadelphia own 802 pieces of property, valued at \$2,438,675, which is an average of about \$3,040 each. The largest number of properties are valued between \$1,000 and \$3,000, and nearly three-fourths of them are \$3,000 and under. The highest single valuation is \$23,000, and the lowest a lot for \$75. Though the assessed valuation is supposed to approximate as nearly as possible the real value of the property, still, after careful comparison, I am of the opinion that the above represents an investment of between four and a half and five million dollars by the negroes concerned. There are about 400 negro-owned properties, valued at from \$1,000 to \$500,000.

There are many negroes who own real estate outside of the city. Two are known to the writer to have more than \$25,000 worth of real estate in other places, while many others own a lot or small farm outside of Philadelphia. The largest individual negro property holder in the city owns not less than twenty-three city houses, assessed at \$18,000, and a large amount of real estate besides. He is especially interested in many of the business and industrial movements among the negroes of the city—Richard R. Wright, Jr., in the Southern Workman.

Human Pride and Infallity.

Must not the human heart, with all its vagaries, seem very funny to on-lookers who get, let us say, half-way as high as the moon and look down? What they see of us, if we are not too much occupied to be discerned at all, must, it is not to be denied, be a sight to only look upon when we are massed together, but quite impossible to tell apart by our tiny differences. Only the infinite patience that fashions the jointure of the spider's leg with the same care as he sets the stars swinging in the firmament can so carefully impress by any of our intellectual feats.

Arrogance is a total loss of any sense of the scheme of the universe in which the best of human accomplishment plays so small a part. The sun shines incessantly upon the human race, the sculptor and the king. Even the sunshine of love turns an indifferent face to achievement and rests on a much subtler and less comprehensible endowment—being. One can fancy how, after an evening spent in a circle of united and generous intellects, one should welcome with open arms the half-witted beggar who has not sense enough to remember our name, but who appeals to us persistently in the name of our common humanity.

For our humanity, that which we share with all men, the commonest beggar, the lowest thief, as well as with Shakespeare, Galileo and Beethoven—our humanity is all we have to be proud of. We are made in an image that can grow; that can become obedient to the dicta of intelligence; that can transcend the bounds of itself and unite itself to other worlds, that can teach itself humility, tenderness, diffidence, responsibility and suffer and work for an ideal higher than any single achievement.

Heredity in Plant Life.

The general principles of heredity formulated by Mendel give much promise in the way of crop improvement, though more systematic methods of breeding are needed. Mendel's law of many biologists that Mendel's law offers in part a solution to some of the perplexing problems in plant and animal improvement. It is too early, however, to predict what benefits can reasonably be expected from its application. This law attempts to reduce to a mathematical basis the characteristics of the progeny of plants and animals; a certain percentage having the individual characteristics of each parent, and a certain percentage of the best characteristics of both parents. It is not too much to expect that the proposed law with modifications will do much to place the science of plant breeding upon a rational basis.

In the case of corn, careful selection of seed has resulted in the production of plants which have a tendency to produce an additional ear, thereby increasing the yield 10 to 25 per cent. Also ears of larger size and more uniform character are secured by breeding and selecting the seed corn of the best ears of the previous year. The improvement of a crop by selection and breeding is the sugar beet, which has been developed from the common stock of garden beets that contain only a small amount of saccharine matter and are unfit for the manufacture of a sugar. The high grade beets containing 16 to 18 per cent of sugar are secured.

"Mr. Dooley on the Spirit of Christmas."

By F. P. DUNNE

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"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see that th' board iv yiddocation down in New York have about made up th'ir minds now to let th' childer sing Christmas carols anny more."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Heanessy. "Well," said Mr. Dooley, "tis this way. I see be th' papers: Certain iprintatives iv a splendid race that has been coolly persecuted an' crushed fr' many cinchies, but are still far fr'm broke want to this here cultivated body iv retired grocermen iv demanded that references to th' past be chopped out iv th' Christmas songs. They were willin' th' childer shud sing thim if no mention was made iv th' origin iv Christmas. An' ye can bet th' board iv yiddocation listened to thim. Fr' a race that has been throd under foot so long our fellow-dimmigrants fr'm a few miles east iv Ireland are far fr'm weak in th' great centres iv our financial disturbances."

"Names endin' in 'holmor' are far more frequent on th' windows iv banks thim names beginnin' with 'O' or 'Mac.' Ourselves an' th' Germans hold our grip on th' distribution iv moisture, but if Father Kelly wants to buy a shirt he has to go to me frind Jake Feinsthal fr' it. Th' Irish are th' greater potes, but they have a shado iv a poet iv us at mental arithmetic. I've intrajocce arithmetic into poetry, an' they intrajocce poetry into arithmetic. Their names are seen on th' iditory pages iv many newspa-pers an' on th' more allurin' advertisin' pages iv all. They ain't quite as good hands at pollyticks as we are, but fr' foreigners they're not so bad, an' a combination iv us at th' board iv yiddocation th' wurrud. So ye can bet th' board iv yiddocation, atther addin' up th' Episcopalian vote, listened to what they had to say."

"A Fine Pious Man."

"Howiver, Jake Feinsthal was in here to-day, an' he says there's nawthin' in it. He's a fine man, me frind Jake Feinsthal. He was at wan time captain iv Comp'ny G in th' Hibernian Rifles. He was in th' Athletic Association, though, nacherally, not so good at toessin' th' cabur or puttin' th' shot, an' he has often boxed at our weekly concerts, under th' name iv O'Halloran. He's a fine, pious man, too, an' often have I seen him go into his church with his stovepipe hat on his head. He give me th' laugh when I told him th' gloomy suspicion that his people were startin' to abolish Christmas. Don't ye believe it, says he. 'Wells' never do anything to injure a festival that makes people look so cheerful. We're a happy race ourselves, an' we're glad iv wan day that drives th' gloom off th' faces iv th' rest iv us. So ye can bet I won't do a wink iv anything iv th' kind. Was it attempted my people wud rally around Christmas to protect it again iv its inlimes. But fr' that splendid wave iv Hebrew sentiment that sweeps across th' Christian wurrud want a year an' makes ye buy thins fr' other people fr' fear th'ye goin' to buy something

akelly valliable fr' ye, what wud become iv th' department stores? No, sir; I'll stand firm an' fight to save this festival that is so dear to ye again all iv th' attacks iv th' anti-Semites. As fr' th' Christmas carols, didn't I used to sing thim meself when I was a little kid, an' Schwartzmeister, Hogan an' meself used to attend th' Unlinary Sunday school th' Sunday they had th' Christmas tree? They never hurt me. No song iv th' hur anywan if it was set to music. Cheer up, me boy. Come over to th' store. I've got a set iv th' Lives iv th' Saints that I can let ye have cheap. 'Twud make a suitable Christmas present."

"Look What I Got!"

"Iv coorse he's right. No wan can have anny tale distike iv Christmas. It's a kind iv a p'ntal holiday th' wurrud seems to get a part iv. Be hovens, I believe that if old Mahamet himself was alive he'd hang up his stockin' on th' mantelpiece an' go broke givin' presents to his wives. In a little less thim two weeks' time all th' wurrud will be up arly, singin' songs, exchangin' gifts, clappin' each other on th' back, cryin' out 'Christmas box! Merry Christmas!' Th' same to ye, Patrick, Bill, Etienne, Jovanny, Carlos, Hans, Mikeovitch or Epannymondas! Billions of childer will be yellin' in a hundred different languages: 'Oh, look what I got!' In th' avenin' millions iv g'nal men will be standin' at th' heads iv millions iv clappin' a carvin' knife an' a steel an' thim goin' at a turkey an' performin' miracles iv scientific distribution. Pleasant wurruds wud go 'round. 'I'll have some more iv thim mashed potatoes.' 'Pass th' cranberry sauce.' 'Father, if ye'er not careful ye'll have nawthin' left fr' ye'erself.' Niver ye mind me; thrust th' old man to look out fr' himself. Th' family just will go 'round. Little boys will look sadly at what is left iv th' noble bird an' reflect, as Hogan says, on th' levity iv human ambition in th' eatin' line. An' that night Dock O'Leary, passin' by my place, will hand me th' same remark that he's handed me fr' thirty years: I must go home arly, fr' to-morrow is me busy day. But I don't mind it. I don't care who people get indigestion fr'm overeatin'. It's whin they have it fr'm not gettin' enough to eat that I'm worried," says he.

"Father Kelly says Christmas is a feeling as well as a feast! About this time iv th' year th' Christmas feelin' comes along an' gives ye a nudge. Ye're thinkin' about eatin' down expenses an' savin' money, an' th' Christmas spirit whispers in ye'er ear: 'Come, give up.' But, says ye, 'why shud I be buyin' thins fr' people that don't want thim because they're goin' to buy thins fr'm me that I don't want because they think I'm buyin' thins fr'm them that they don't want because I think they're buyin' thins fr'm me that I don't want.' None iv ye'er business! Says th' spirit iv Christmas: 'Loosen up.' An' th' first thim I know ye'er in a joolry store buyin' a gold watch, an' chain an' a dmon shirt stud fr'm me—I think not, but I hope."

Want a Pony, Get a Caddyshelm.

"I always hope about Christmas time that I'm goin' to get somethin' that I've always wanted, but so far, havin' passed a muther iv sixty Christmas's, I've had

little luck iver since I was a boy an' wanted a pony an' got a caddyshelm. I have in th' cellar as large a collection iv green neckties, alppers an' book marks as Jake Feinsthal has on sale. An' yet I don't mind it. Th' sufferings I endure fr'm gettin' presents is offset be th' pleasure I inflect in givin' thim. I know that on Christmas Eve ye'll come in here, an' I'll reach under th' bar an' loss out to ye a small box, with th' reman' of a pair of socks. I'll be sure to say, 'I've got an' it up an' pretend to be overwhelmed with pleasure an' surprise whin ye see a yellow cravat with green stripes. 'Well, upon me wurrud, how did ye come to think iv this? There must be something in thought transference, fr' this is th' very thing I was hopin' some wan wud give me.' An' thim ye reach into ye'er coat an' pocket an' pull out a package. I feel like joy at th' sight iv a cardboard matchbox to hang on th' wall, an' take ye be th' hand an' say: 'Rally, filanlisy, I feel I oughtn't to take this. Why did ye go to such expense fr'm me? It makes my poor little gift look so trivial.' An' th' next week I observe that ye're still gettin' th' military I give ye, an' ye note that I still get me matches out iv me best pocket, an' ye say th'ir iv us cares a straw wan way or another. But if ye hadn't given me anything, or if ye'd given me something an' I hadn't given ye anything, we'd both feel mad. There ain't anny worse feelin' thim not gettin' somethin' fr'm somebody that ye've give somethin' to. I'm except to get somethin' fr'm somebody that ye've given nawthin' to. In w' case ye fell like sucker, an' in th' other like an' embezzler. I've often thought 'twud be a good idee fr' people to get together a week or two before Christmas an' say: 'If ye'll promise not to give me th' necktie that I see in ye'er eye I will promise not to give ye th' penwiper I intend to give ye in self defense, but both th' th' spirit iv Christmas an' J. Feinsthal tell me this is wrong. They both say 'Unbail,' an' they're right."

Grinning Time Has Come.

"Well, 'tis a grand pervod, anyhow. I begin to see th' effects iv it already. Th' amount iv amyale grinnin' has already increased about 60 per cent. Th' stores are brightenin' up. I see me frinds goin' home with bundles under th'ir overcoat. Th' Salvation Army Sandy Klaus on th' corner, with th' false whiskers, is jinglin' th' tambourine. Even old Grogan give me a pleasant bow th' mornin'. He has sint wurrud to his depositories that they shud draw out th'ir money if they'll promise to spend it on presents an' not on household expises or other base luxuries. An' as fr' th' childer, Christmas has been comin' fr' about two months fr' thim. An' comin' stronger an' shinin' in th'ir cheerful, hopeful, avaricious little faces. No matter what kind iv a Christmas this is fr' anybody else, it's a good one fr' th' kids. There niver was a bad wan fr' thim."

"I cud enjy Christmas more if I was younger," said Mr. Heanessy.

"Not to mention a million or two other thins, includin' mo," said Mr. Dooley. "Run out now before they're all gone an' buy that 'Unbail' I have in th' drawer a gaskie th' duty ye're wantin' to a ball iv th' Ecceyal Order iv th' 'Unbail' Ham."